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## Polar Disruption Chp.1



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### Chapter 1 by Ricky Advani

Dave was finally back from the arcade after a 12 hour gaming streak of Street Fighter and Pacman, Surely he must've spent all his earnings doing absolutely nothing. His girlfriend Janet was waiting in his Ford Mustang all day. "You smell horrible" said Janet, Dave smelled like rancid flesh sitting on the front porch for weeks. He quickly grabbed his crimson deodorant which failed to stop his fetidness. The car was filled with his stench within seconds as Janet felt unpleasant and reeked by the smell of buttered popcorn and caramel. She rushed out of the car in terror, covered in a foliage of disgust. Dave drove down the beach to meet up with his colleagues. Adam, Frank and Kevin waved at the Mustang as the sun reflected on their faces due to the bonnet's glazed finish. Dave played his techno music while Adam and Frank approached the car, Kevin stood there thinking whether he'd join up with his amigos or take his beloved on a date. Dave exited the car as the stench from the car cleared into the air, his shirt was covered in slimy oil. "I think you've been searching for this since a long time" said Kevin as his sole reason was to return whatever he was holding. Dave reached out his fat, thick arms and grabbed the slim rectangular shaped box from Kevin's hands. Adam and Frank gazed at him as Dave opened the box with pure excitement and the suspense around his body grew.

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with him a little before they left. Dave removed the cartridge from the game box and plugged it into his custom built-in console in his backseat. He rolled in the shades and placed himself firmly on the stained leather seats before indulging in his exotic playground. Not long after he started playing, he reached a level where the game bugged out and shot up an electrical current up his body which passed him out.

He woke up with a strange sound of 32-bit music in the background. He felt weak and confounded after what had happened. Only would Dave realize that he was a victim of Polar Disruption as he rolled up his shades to see the world pixelated and the sun setting between two palm trees. He found himself on an island made of polygon mesh. His head ached by the second as it was too much for him to take in. The ocean around him were in "grids" and there was a strange ambiance around him. Where was he? A game haven? A punishment by the gods of gaming? Only time would tell...

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